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A

PUBLIC LETTER

FROM THE

EARL OF ABINGDON

TO THE

University of Oxford.

MAY 10TH, 1798.

TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND,

CHANCELLOR,

THE VICE-CHANCELLOR,

AND

THE HEADS OF COLLEGES AND HOUSES

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,

&c. &c.

HAVING read a *Bill entitled an Act to enable his* MAJESTY *more effectually to provide for the Defence and Security of the Realm, during the preſent War*, and perceiving the Nation clad all in Armour (the Court, the Parliament, the City and the Country) ſufficient to deter any Foreign Power from undertaking ſo raſh an Enterprize as the menaced Invaſion of this Iſland, and being a *thorough* ENGLISHMAN and *complete* ANTIGALLICAN in my Nature, I here

make a Tender of my Services as a Volunteer to the Corps now eſtabliſhing at the UNIVERSITY of OXFORD, and for the following Reaſons:

Firſt, becauſe it was built by the Old Venerable BRITONS: Next and in particular, as it keeps alive the Recollection of the glorious Patronage it received not only from the incomparable Saxon King of England, the learned and virtuous ALFRED, but from King Edward the Second, and one FOX; and, more eſpecially, for the Protection and Conſervation of the CHURCH of ENGLAND, ſo repleniſhed with all Piety and Learning, and ſo rivetted that it's Eſtabliſhment can at no Time be betrayed to Perdition; for "the Gates of Hell ſhall not prevail againſt it!" A Church, the beſt conſtituted and the moſt free from Errors of any Chriſtian Church this Day in the World. Under this Idea, I incorporate myſelf, not only with my Neighbours the *Oxonians*, but with Biſhop Watſon, *Church Militant*, to prevent a Repetition to our *Siſter-Univerſity* of what happened in the Reign of Richard the Second, in *Wat Tyler's* and *Jack Straw's* Rebellion; and I poſſeſs the fulleſt Conviction that *Defenſive* War, at the *preſent Inſtant*, (without recapitulating the *Offenſive* Blunders on the Continent,

and

and the " Doubts (which the Biſhop formerly entertained) reſpecting either the *Juſtice* or the *Neceſſity* of *commencing* this War in which We are engaged," is *now* perfectly *juſt* and *righteous*, the Boundaries and Limitations of each Nation being clearly and demonſtratively pointed out by the Decrees of GOD'S PROVIDENCE, as much as the Sea *(our Province)* " Hitherto ſhalt Thou go and no further," I have an additional Wiſh for this Conjunction, which is not only the Preſervation of our *Eſtabliſhed* Religion for the Benefit of all Churches, becauſe take away the Religion of a Country, down falls the Monarchy; take away the Monarchy, down tumbles the Ariſtocracy, and with it the Democracy, and, of Courſe, Anarchy and Confuſion muſt enſue; for it is a well received Axiom and a poſitive Injunction exiſting, that no apparent Evil can be tolerated for ſordid Gain, or upon any given Maxim of Worldly Policy, ſuch as an *unlimited* Toleration of all Religions to be granted to that Extent, as to wound, and deſtroy the *ſettled Religion* of a Nation, or when for the attaining ſome great pretended Good, a great and apparent Evil is tolerated, and which ſanctifies, and ends in a *poſitive* Permiſſion of Evil: and it has been ever conſidered as the beſt political Wiſdom, that

no Neighbouring State ought to be diſturbed on Matters of Religion, nor that Religion evil ſpoken of, which is avowed and publicly profeſſed by the Prince or State, whereby it is univerſally implied, that an extenſive Toleration of different Opinions in Religion can be no Prejudice to the Peace of a Nation, ſo long as ſuch Rules are obſerved, but rather a grand Preſervative of public Quiet, whereas Perſecutions for Matters of Religion have ever been all the World over, the great Incentives to Sedition: but to revive the Exploits of Church-Chivalry exhibited in former Reigns, and to bring the *now-pledged* Eccleſiaſtics more into the Front of the Battle, ſhould the French land! to retrieve their loſt Reputation and Credit as Warriors, in whom my Anceſtors placed ſo thorough a Confidence as a Spiritual Corps, as recorded by the enlightened, patriotic, political Stateſman and Hiſtorian, Biſhop Burnet, to the immortal Diſgrace of the *then* exiſting Spiritual Militants: This Prelate narrates as followeth: "When the Prince of Orange was at Exeter, in great Difficulties, ſoon after his Landing, when both the Clergy and Magiſtrates of Exeter were very fearful and very backward, when the Biſhop and the Dean ran away, and the Clergy ſtood off, Lord Abingdon came in, and joined our glorious

rious Deliverer." The moſt conſpicuous character of the preſent Hour is the Biſhop of Landaff, eminent by his late "Addreſs to the People of Great Britain," and juſtifying the Panegyric of Gilbert Wakefield, B. A. who, though an Opponent of the Biſhop in ſome of his Principles, diſpaſſionately and ſcholaſtically exclaims as follows: "The Author of this Addreſs is a Prelate of high and deſerved Reputation; a Prelate eminently diſtinguiſhed among his contemporary Academics,* for acquired Endowments and native Vigour of Underſtanding, nor leſs conſpicuous as a Theologian and Philoſopher among his Countrymen at large." This Biſhop ſays "I am not altogether inſenſible of the Danger I may have incurred (ſhould Matters come to Extremity) by thus publicly addreſſing my Countrymen. I might have concealed my Sentiments, and waited in Retirement, 'till the Struggle had been over, and the Iſſue known; but I diſdain Safety accompanied with Diſhonour. When Hannibal is at the Gates, who but a Poltroon would

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* Εκατι στεφνων θι
ητων εν α'λιξιν. PIND.

would liſten to the timid Counſels of Neutrality, or attempt to ſcreen himſelf from the Calamity coming on his Country, by ſkulking as a Vagabond amid the Mountains of Wales or of Weſtmoreland? *I am ready*, and I am perſuaded that I entertain a juſt Confidence in ſaying, that Hundreds of Thouſands of loyal and honeſt Men are as ready as *I am*, to hazard every Thing in Defence of the Country."

I am more particularly confident in the Zeal of the preſent Biſhop, and more perſuaded that he will ſtick to his Text, as, from the Name of Watſon, he *may* be (*intellectually* moſt undoubtedly *is* in Point of Science) a Deſcendant of William Watſon, Dean of BATTEL, an experienced Perſon, long converſant in contemplating the Laws of GOD and Nature, the Rules of Reaſon, the Principles of Morality, the *Foundations* of *Property*, the Diſtinctions of Right and Wrong, and whatever elſe is neceſſary for the Profeſſion and Practice of the *Civil* Law, and was accordingly admitted to the higheſt Degree therein, viz. L. L. D. and ſoon after declining the *Warfare* of Litigations at Courts and Judicial Clamours, He made his Election at laſt to wait at the *Altar*, and devote his future Life to *Religion* and the Service of GOD!

Another

Another remarkably eminent Character of a fighting *Hierarchial* Clergyman, reveals itſelf in Mr. GEORGE BUCHANAN, a Scotchman, who was an Honour to his Country, and the Glory of the Age in which he lived, and recorded for Elevation and Juſtneſs of Thought, of Courage, and Integrity to conceal nothing that ought to be tranſmitted down to Poſterity *Hiſtorically*, and not *Romantically*, in Times, when Men did not *huckſter* out a War, but fought it out as contending mainly for *Liberty* and *Glory*, and ſome of his Writings being redeemed from Shipwreck, the following Anecdote of the Biſhop of Durham occupies an oſtenſible Leaf of the renowned Hiſtorian's Productions.

" When Henry Percy the General was taken Priſoner, and the Engliſh overthrown and routed by the *Duglaſſians*, the Biſhop of Durham comes too late to yield Aſſiſtance; when a Council of War is called at Supper Time, the Reſult of which was, that, at Day-break, they ſhould, with Ten Thouſand Horſe and Foot, joined by a promiſcuous Multitude, and the Biſhop at their *Head*, march the neareſt Way, and give Battle to the Enemy, conceiving that the Scots were ſo exhauſted with their former Fight, and lying over-ſecure, by Rea-

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ſon of their late Victory, that they would fall an eaſy Prey to his Forces. But the *ſecond-ſighted* Earl of Murray, the Subſtitute of Douglas, was advertized of the Prelate's Proceedings by his Scouts, whereupon a Conſultation takes Place with the Chief Commander about the Priſoners. To kill them in cold Blood, after they had given them Quarter, ſeemed cruel, and to ſave alive a Number of Enemies, almoſt equal to their own in Numbers, ſeemed dangerous. The Reſolve was, that every Man John of them ſhould ſwear, not to ſtir, whilſt the Battle was fought. Upon theſe Terms, they were left in the Camp, with a ſmall Guard, who were commanded to fall upon them all, if any one did ſtir. This Matter thus ſettled, the *Scots* being full of Courage, and elated by Reaſon of their former Victory, marched out with their Army, and underſtood, that when the Word of Command was given, and that as ſoon as the Enemy drew near, every Soul ſhould blow his Horn, which he carried behind at his Back, which ſhould make ſuch a *mighty Noiſe* and Sound, as was terrible of *itſelf*, but being multiplied by the Repercuſſion and Echo of the neighbouring Hills, gave forth the Repreſentation of a greater Force than in Fact they were. The Engliſh had marched very faſt, and moreover were

to fight amongſt the dead Bodies of their own Men, being aſtoniſhed at that horrible Noiſe, and alſo at the Alacrity of their Combatants, who confronted them boldly, and in good Order, and having no *ſkilful* Commander over ſo tumultuous a Body and alſo the *Commander* not placing implicit *Faith* on ſuch a raw Soldiery, they quickly turned their Colours and fled back with a little more Velocity and Precipitation than that with which the *gallant* Biſhop and his Aſſociates came!

It is therefore recommended to the *Church Militants* to accuſtom their Ears a little to the Sound of Trumpet and the Noiſe of Horn, fearing ſuch a Second Influence on their Nerves might prove detrimental to the *Cauſe* in which they are now embarked.

Having introduced Selections, from well-approved Authors, Friends to our Religious Eſtabliſhment, ſo congenial with *Solomon's* grand Concluſion and wiſe Aphoriſms, ſuch as fearing GOD and the keeping his Commandments; for *this* is the whole *Man*, his whole Buſineſs, and in which Excellencies all Men ſhould agree and unite, and make that the *firſt* and great Duty, being the Love and Service of our SUPREME *Lord*, and the ſecond, like unto it,

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the *Amor Patriæ*, the Love and Service of our Country, Things that are included, and ought not to be ſeparated one from the other, and peculiarly involving *Sects* of every Denomination, ſo that he who ſerves his Country, muſt conſequently ſerve his GOD, and which operated ſo inſtinctively on that mighty Stateſman Marſhal *Richelieu*, who always requeſted that even the *Soldiers*, in the *firſt* Place, ſhould be animated with the *Righteouſneſs* of the *Cauſe* of Battle, that the *Soul* might look to its *Salvation*! This Conſideration, alſo, rendered General *Monk* and his Troops ſo animated and irreſiſtible, being the genuine Friends of *Liberty* and the intrinſic Rights of this glorious and matchleſs *Conſtitution*; and not the villainous Plunderers of Communities which muſt ever be diſtinguiſhed by *Cauſe*, the *Effects* always correſponding with the *Cauſe*. Man being Σῶον λογικὸν, ſuch an Intelligent Reaſonable Creature, that can ſift, and draw one Thing, from another, and from general *Principles* deduce neceſſary *Concluſions*, and by Conſequences diſcover what is right or wrong, juſt or unjuſt, is my Apology for not coaleſcing and anſwering to the public call of the Lord Lieutenant of the County of Oxford, except upon the *Antigallican* Syſtem of what they deem "the Defence of the *Conſtitution* and the Indepen-

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dence of their Country:" Nor will I ever, upon the Ground on which the Promoters (ſpeaking *efficiently*) of the horrid Convulſions now operating on this miſerable Theatre of the Globe, fight the Battles of *Blenheim*, or enliſt under the Banners of the *yellow Flag*, but ſtick to my original principles, and to that *Orthodox*, *True Blue* which never ſtains! My heart and Principles are known and *adopted* by the *Berkſhire Boys*, and conveyed to the Cloſet of his Majeſty, through my Hands, pending the *American War*, and on that firm Baſis of the Conſtitution, as I have ever lived, ſo will I die!

I, therefore, hope that his *Majeſty* will not diſregard the manly and generous Offers of the *Church Militant*, but will call them forth to redeem their loſt Reputation, with the whole force of all *their Canons*, and as the *Spirit* now ſeems to move them, let them come forth majeſtically, and prove themſelves to be *no Quakers*, but the *genuine* Sons of MOTHER CHURCH!

There are now reſident within the Walls of the Univerſity, and its *Environs*, many Doctors, to my certain Knowledge, able and expert Markſmen. The Youths in particular, both Clerical and Civil, are (in Spite of the *Canon*

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and *Statute* Law) well practiced in the Art of Shooting, as I believe the neighbouring Manors (in Fact, having no Manors of their own) and eſpecially the numerous Manors of the Lord Lieutenant, on which Depredations have plentifully been committed, may eaſily verify. With Reſpect to Elias Taunton, Eſq. Clerk of the General Meeting, He is a Sort of *General* from whoſe Corps I have found Motives for keeping my proper Diſtance, as I believe, from my Soul, in Defiance of his great *Practice*, that if an Invaſion takes Place, and an *Action* ſhould commence, he would hardly be able in the Capacity of a "*Sharp Shooter or Rifle Man*," to diſtinguiſh an *Engliſh Dog* from a *French* One.

Independent of theſe Reaſons, I offer myſelf in the Capacity of MASTER OF ARTS, and not of the Sciences, as an Help-Mate to my Neighbours, the *Chancellor*, *Vice Chancellor*,

"Cum multis aliis qui nunc preſcribere longum eſt,"

with theſe Words to be put in full Convocation,

"Placetne Vobis, Doctores!? Placetne Vobis, Magiſtri!?"

which in plain Engliſh, is, *Am I accepted or not.*

ABINGDON.

INVO-

INVOCATION.

God grant that the Hurricanes which are tremendouſly raging on our Affairs, from all Points of the Compaſs, may, through His Infinite Might and Power, be diſperſed, and give Way to Public Peace and Happineſs! God grant! that we may not fall amidſt thoſe inſcrutable but wiſe Decrees of *Providence*, who pulls down one Kingdom or Government, and ſets up another, and who hurls the Powers of the Univerſe, on a ſudden, from the higheſt Pinnacle of Glory to the loweſt Abyſs of Ruin!

Theſe awful Cauſes are locked up in the Boſom of the Deity; not but that *Holy Writ* has left the Occaſions of ſuch Changes upon Record: ſuch as the *Weight of Sin*, and Spilling of Human Blood, which introduce thoſe horrible Circumvolutions and fatal Periods in the Frame of the terreſtrial World that, dreadfully agitating themſelves, ſhift, by turns, into the ſeveral Forms of Government: into Ariſtocracy, Democracy and Monarchy; as may be gathered from the Maſter of Roman Eloquence, *Cicero*, who ſays "*Idipſum a Platone, Philoſophiaque didici, naturales eſſe Converſiones Rerumpublicarum*,

rumpublicarum, ut eæ, tum a Principibus teneantur, tum a Populo, tum a Singulis :" for, that which *has been ſhall be*, and there is no new Thing under the Sun, and GOD's Will ſhall be done " in Earth as it is in Heaven," all which Conſiderations, in theſe direful Moments, ſhould operate as a Compulſion in every *Engliſh Heart* to cement and ſupport that *Union* which the ineſtimable *Conſtitution* of this Country (*properly defined*) ſtrictly enjoins by *Magna Charta* and the *Bill* of *Rights*. The true Ground of making *Contracts*, being the Expectation of *Good* ariſing from ſome *one* or *others* amongſt the *Parties* ſo *contracting*, a Breach of Faith in them puts all into Confuſion. A Breach of Faith has been deteſted even by Heathens; and Falſity and Perjury are ſo offenſive to GOD (the great Fountain of Truth and Purity!) that, ſooner or later, He will not ſuffer any who may be guilty of theſe Crimes to eſcape Puniſhment!

Finis.

After the Sermon, the Colours, which had been placed one on each ſide of the Reading Deſk during Divine Service, were borne to the Altar-table, one ſupported by R. J. LAMBTON, Eſq. M. P. the other by BROOK RICHMOND, Eſq. when the Chaplain offered up to Heaven the following Prayer:

O Lord God of hoſts, who ruleſt in the kingdoms of men, we fly unto thee in this time of peril and neceſſity. Thou, to whom all hearts are open, and from whom no deſires can be hid, knoweſt the deſigns of our enemies, thou knoweſt their threatenings and their rage againſt us. Do thou, O God, in mercy forgive them, and bring them to a ſenſe of the duty they owe to Thee, to the nations around them, and to themſelves. Help us, O Lord our God, for we reſt on thee. Without thee all human means of ſafety are vain, all our efforts ineffectual. Thou art the giver of victory.

We implore thee to continue thy watch-

rumpublicarum, ut eæ, tum a Principibus teneantur, tum a Populo, tum a Singulis :" for, that which *has been ſhall be*, and there is no new Thing under the Sun, and GOD's Will ſhall be done " in Earth as it is in Heaven," all which Conſiderations, in theſe direful Moments, ſhould operate as a Compulſion in every *Engliſh Heart* to cement and ſupport that *Union* which the ineſtimable *Conſtitution* of this Country (*properly defined*) ſtrictly enjoins by *Magna Charta* and the *Bill* of *Rights*. The true Ground of making *Contracts*, being the Expectation of *Good* ariſing from ſome *one* or *others* amongſt the *Parties* ſo *contracting*, a Breach of Faith in them puts all into Confuſion. A Breach of Faith has been deteſted even by Heathens; and Falſity and Perjury are ſo offenſive to GOD (the great Fountain of Truth and Purity!) that, ſooner or later, He will not ſuffer any who may be guilty of theſe Crimes to eſcape Puniſhment!

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After the Sermon, the Colours, which had been placed one on each ſide of the Reading Deſk during Divine Service, were borne to the Altar-table, one ſupported by R. J. LAMBTON, Eſq. M. P. the other by BROOK RICHMOND, Eſq. when the Chaplain offered up to Heaven the following Prayer:

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ful care over our moſt gracious Sovereign Lord King George, our gracious Queen Charlotte and all the Royal Family. Guide his Majeſty's counſels, proſper his meaſures for the welfare of his people, and bleſs his fleets and armies with thy aſſiſtance and ſupport. Vouchſafe, O Lord, we beſeech thee, thy protection to theſe Colours, about to be preſented to a body of men, who, impelled by neceſſity, have come forward to defend our laws, our liberty, our Religion, and our exiſtence againſt the violent menaces and inſatiable ambition of a haughty foe. —Wherever the ſervice of their country may call theſe men, do Thou go forth with them, their Defender and their Guardian. Thou art the fountain of ſtrength; gird them with courage in the day of battle; ſave them in the hour of danger, crown their enterpriſes with ſucceſs, and in thy goodneſs reſtore to this united kingdom and to Europe the bleſſing of Peace.

We preſume to beg theſe mercies, O God, not through any merits of our own, but in the name and through the merits of thy bleſſed ſon Jeſus Chriſt, our only Saviour and Redeemer. AMEN.

The Colours were then taken to a temporary Stand on the Town-moor, where they were preſented to the Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant by the Honorable LADY MILBANKE, who delivered the following appropriate and energetic ſpeech, in a ſtyle eloquent and impreſſive.

Sir,

WHEN I look around on the preſent ſcene, and behold this loyal and patriotic Corps in arms for the defence of our native land, and reflect that YOU are honoured by being called to the command of it, I freely avow my boſom glows with honeſt pride—I muſt be inſenſible to every feeling which ought to animate the heart of a WIFE and an ENGLISH-WOMAN, if THIS was not to me, a moment of enthuſiaſtic exultation!—

Many of thoſe I have now the honor to addreſs, were Volunteers alſo in the former War. Return and Increaſe of their Country's danger has again brought them forward and added to their numbers—thus does the

ſpirit of Britons ever riſe, in proportion to the cauſe which may call it forth!

During the late conflict, our inveterate antagoniſts were more diſtracted in their Councils, more unſettled in their Government, they were oppoſed by other powers—but at this criſis, Bonaparte under the title of Firſt Conſul, has eſtabliſhed a ſyſtematic Tyranny over France;—of the other European Nations, ſome have tamely ſubmitted to his yoke; ſome, like unhappy, deluded Switzerland, confiding in his faithleſs promiſes, have ſunk beneath his iron rule! while others meanly ſtand aloof, to behold with calm indifference his deſolating ſway! ——Bonaparte has now concentred all his forces to attack the Britiſh Iſles, and inſolently boaſts, that we are unequal to the fight!—He vainly expects, ere long, his arm will effect univerſal conqueſt; but, "there "is a ſtep which he muſt overleap, or elſe "fall down"—a ſtep too lofty for even his vaulting ambition to overleap,—it is the Britiſh Empire—on *that ſtep will he fall.* Our fleets ſweep from the ſeas his tri-colured flag, inſult his coaſts, and interrupt his preparations for invaſion: But ſhould his tranſ-

ports elude the vigilance of our Naval Commanders, and reach theſe ſhores, his Gallic legions will again experience, they are not invincible, when oppoſed to Britons.—Should Bonaparte obtain aſcendancy over this Country, as the barbarous hordes of former ages, who when they over-ran more civilized Nations, delighted to deſtroy the beautiful productions of Art and Learning, they were too rude to imitate or value;—ſo would that remorſeleſs Tyrant, with malignant joy and ſavage fury, deſtroy our glorious Conſtitution, the object of his hatred, the Monument of his ſhame! That beloved Monarch ſo juſtly dear to us, would be torn from his throne; our Senators degraded; our equal laws annulled; the Miniſters of our pure Religion, reviled and perſecuted; the celebration of our Holy Rites forbid!—Lives there my Countryman who would not ſhed his blood to avert ſuch ſcenes of horror?—I know there does not; for "Honor's "thought reigns ſolely in the breaſt of eve-"ry Man!" nor is there one among You who would ſtoop to drag on a wretched, humiliating exiſtence, deprived of liberty,—the ſubject of a foreign power—THE SLAVE OF BONAPARTE!

My ſex, weak and defenceleſs, is incapable of active exertion; but it remains for us, to teſtify by every method in our power, the reſpect and gratitude we entertain for all the gallant Champions of our ſafety: As a proof of mine for the Sunderland Volunteers, I have preſumed to offer theſe Colours, and hold myſelf greatly honored, that they will be accepted.

I flatter myſelf no one here, needs any aſſurance of my attachment to this place: Gratitude demands it warmly, nor is the call unanſwered.

The ſituation of Sunderland as a ſea-port of very conſiderable commerce, its importance in the national ſcale, as a nurſery for ſeamen, diſtinguiſhed for ſkill and courage, even in the navy where all are brave, muſt intereſt every one in its proſperity and ſafety; but ſhould our preſumptuous foes direct their attack to any other quarter, I am bold to foretell, all local intereſts would be diſregarded, and the firſt and only wiſh of the Sunderland Volunteers, would be to face the invaders where danger threatened moſt.

The very generous manner in which the inhabitants and others have contributed to equip this Corps, demands our beſt acknowledgements; but I am confident they will derive more ſatisfaction from the conſciouſneſs of their own patriotic liberality than from my thanks.

I am commiſſioned by Nathaniel Atcheſon, Eſq to requeſt the Sunderland Volunteers will accept from him, their Camp Colours, as a token of his high regard, and the intereſt he takes in their ſucceſs.

Sir Ralph Milbanke, receive theſe Banners; you and your gallant comrades may ſpeedily be called forth under them, to fight your country's battles.—Should it prove ſo, I will pray Almighty God to crown you and your fellow ſoldiers, with happy glorious victory!—but, ſhould *You* fall, a weeping widow will yet proudly ſay—HE WAS EVER FAITHFUL TO HIS KING AND COUNTRY, AND IN THEIR CAUSE HE FELL!

Sir Ralph Milbanke's Reply.

Madam,

IF ever there was a moment in my life, in which my feelings were highly agitated,

they are ſtill more ſo at this preſent time. The circumſtance of receiving theſe Colours from You, with whom I have been connected, by the tendereſt and deareſt ties, for many years, and to whom I am attached by the ſtrongeſt ſenſations of gratitude and affection, muſt deeply affect my mind. The circumſtances alſo of the times in which they are preſented, muſt awaken my feelings in conjunction with thoſe of all preſent—in conjunction with thoſe of all true Britons.

We are now engaged in a War, different from all preceding wars; a War, not for a point of honor, not for the poſſeſſion of ſome territory, nor for any thing definable in its nature, or certain in its extent,—but with an enemy, reſtleſs, perfidious, and ambitious,—eager to wreſt from us, that happineſs of which he has deprived the greater part of Europe,—bearing an irreconcilable hatred to this Country, for having reſiſted, oppoſed, and ſtopped his progreſs towards univerſal dominion.

It affords me, however, the greateſt ſatisfaction, to obſerve the ſpirit, the manly and ardent ſpirit of loyalty and attachment to

our conſtitution, which has prevailed.—I am confident there is no man who hears me this day, not an inhabitant of the moſt diſtant part of our iſland, not an individual in the whole territory of Great Britain, who would not prefer death—honorable death, to an ignominious ſurrender of our liberties to an haughty nation,—and that nation the old, the conſtant, the determined enemy of our country.

Let us bear in mind how our anceſtors oppoſed their numerous forces, and were victorious—how we in modern times have oppoſed them, and have been victorious. Victory never has, nor never will deſert Engliſhmen, cloſely and firmly united, in a cauſe ſo glorious as that of their Religion, Liberty, and Independence.

Happy indeed, and proud I am, to have been called forth to fill ſo diſtinguiſhed a ſituation as that in which I now appear, by the inhabitants of a town and vicinity to whom I am bound and devoted by reiterated obligations; happy to unite with you, who have come forward with ſo much zeal and alacrity, in the preſent criſis, to join you in every exertion, to ſhare your fortunes, to

encounter all danger with you for the defence of our King and Country, and ſtrenuouſly to ſupport the cauſe of Great Britain to the lateſt hour of my life.

Who can forget the conduct of Bonaparte in his treatment of Switzerland?—once a brave and free people, and famous in the annals of hiſtory for their reſiſtance to oppreſſion and tyranny. Thoſe who have truſted to his faithleſs promiſes, he has deceived, by a phantom of liberty, only to make their degradation the more humiliating, and the fetters with which they have been bound, more intolerable and more galling:—who can forget his ſanguinary tranſactions in Egypt?—nay, wherever like a malignant ſtar, he has ſpread his baneful influence and his pernicious beams. His crimes, his cruelties, his atrocities are unparalleled—who but muſt turn with loathing, from ſucceſſive fields of carnage and ſhameleſs violations of all faith, equity, and humanity. Yet I feel a confidence that the time is not far diſtant, when a period will be put to this uſurper's power, to the career of this offender againſt God and man, this ſcourge of the human race.

Friends and fellow ſoldiers.—If our enemies ſhould have the audacity to invade this country, let the words* engraven on this banner animate your courage, ſtimulate you to noble deeds of loyalty and patriotiſm; let us, firmly united with the reſt of our gallant countrymen, prove to the world how we Britons alone and unaſſiſted, have oppoſed a great and powerful nation, have checked ambition, have beat down deſpotiſm, have driven their armies back with ſhame and diſgrace, and have trampled their inſulting banners under our feet.

Sir Ralph Milbanke's Addreſs to the 2d Lieutenants, Stonehouſe and Wheatley.

IN delivering theſe Colours to you, I am certain I deliver them to a Corps, upon whoſe zeal and loyalty their country may rely on every occaſion. I now commit them to your charge, being confident that the Sunderland Volunteers, wherever they may be engaged, will diſtinguiſh themſelves by their courage; and that theſe Colours will lead them to glory and be conſpicuous in the front of the battle.

* Semper Fideles Regi et Patriæ.

FINIS.

Lately publiſhed by the ſame Author,

A SERMON

PREACHED

Before the Lord Biſhop of Peterborough,

AT THE

Conſecration of Long Benton Church, Northumberland,

AND DEDICATED

To the Honourable and Right Reverend

SHUTE,

LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM.

ALSO,

A SERMON

Preached for the Benefit

OF THE

Sunderland Humane Society,

AND DEDICATED TO

ROWLAND BURDON, ESQ. M. P.